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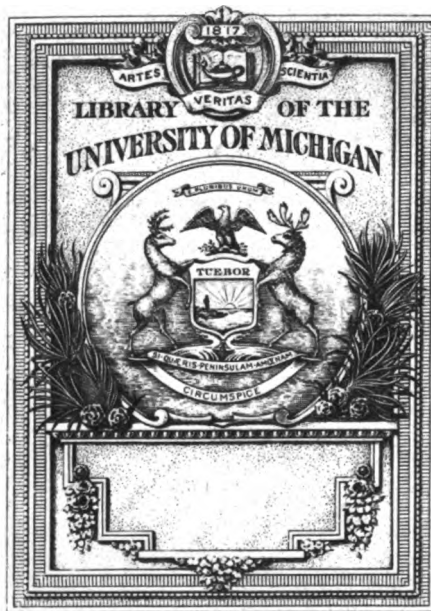
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*Detroit--biographical Sketches--D.
Bethune Duffield, James McMillan, ...*

Walter Buell



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TERMS:—\$5.00 per year, in advance.

Communications should be addressed to

The Magazine of Western History,

145 St. Clair Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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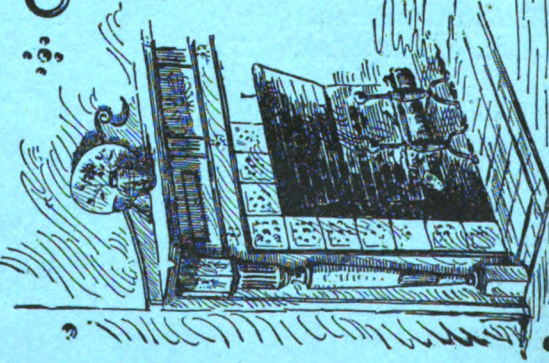
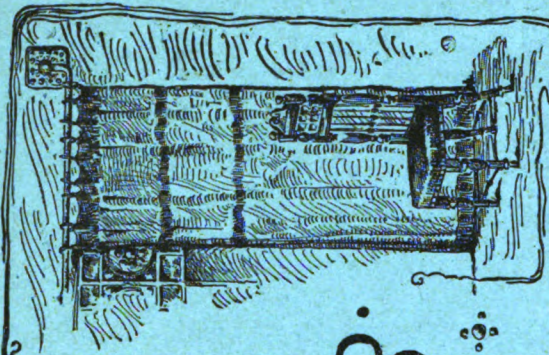
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at "Forest Lawn," beside the two loved sons who had gone before.

Mr. Childs leaves two daughters, who reside in Buffalo, Mrs. Floyd S. Crego and Mrs. Henry Stimson; also two grandchildren, one of whom, Henry Childs Stimson, bears his name. Mrs. Childs also survives her husband.

In the death of Mr. Childs, Buffalo loses an active, public-spirited and high-minded citizen—a man of strict integrity, and whose word or personal honor could not be questioned. His loss is deeply felt, not only in his own community, but by his many friends who are scattered far and wide over our country.

Numerous testimonials, both public and private, show that his worth was appreciated. The Merchant's Exchange of Buffalo expressed the general feeling of the business community when its members, by formal resolution at a special meeting, said:

For nearly one third of a century Mr. Childs has been closely identified with the business, social and religious interests of this city.

We, the members of the Buffalo Merchants' Exchange, desire to place upon our minutes an expression of our profound regret at the loss of so valuable a member of this body and the community.

Mr. Childs was a man of broad ideas, large of body and mind. His business transactions and generous liberality inspired the admiration of all who knew him. He was justly regarded as one whose steadfastness of purpose, integrity in business, fidelity to promise, and sagacity in all enterprises, make his name a synonym for all that leads to success in business and good works. He was a true friend, a genial companion, a cultured Christian gentleman, and the members of this exchange will hold his name in cherished memory.

The feelings of his personal and church associates is seen in the formal

expressions of the board of trustees of the Lafayette Street church, of which he was the honored president for sixteen years. They say:

We would express our sense of loss of a true and valued friend, a long-honored member and president of the board of trustees of the Lafayette Street Presbyterian Church of this city, whose interests in its welfare grew stronger and deeper as the years went by, whose heart was more closely drawn to his brethren in the church by the fellowship of suffering and the departure of loved ones; a man of generous impulses, of genial and overflowing humor, in his family circle and among his business acquaintances, far-sighted, wise in counsel, of quick discernment and sound business judgment; of decision, courage, firmness and perseverance in his successful business career; honored by his college associates and by his fellow-citizens, he passes away, leaving behind him the memory of a good man.

Again, a friend who knew him well gives the following beautiful testimonial:

He was a rare man because he was a real one. Nothing was more distasteful to him than sham and superficiality. He was a man of Catholic views, of genial and liberal opinions; a man of taste and culture, without a trace of pedantry or a touch of imperiousness. He was a natural critic, and his criticisms were valuable because they were intelligent, penetrating and just. He had a sound mind and a soft heart. His hand was hearty in its grasp and liberal in its charities. His sympathies were accessible, active and alert. While he was in every sense a practical man, there was in his nature an element which was genuinely poetic. It was the vein of gold in the quartz of his more rugged virtues. He was religious as the result of the clearest and most deliberate of convictions, but he had no disposition to explore the arctic region of theology. He chose to breathe its blander, balmy atmosphere. He reasoned that since "God is a sun," there ought to be sunshine in the lives of his covenant children. In a cloister he would have been stifled, but he could live happily out in the open busy world, because he could find in it much that was good, and had no fear of the bad. He was the broadest and most cheerful of optimists. His nature was mirthful. He had a humorous way. He believed in both getting and giving good as he went along. He leaves behind him

a record without blot, an example which the dust of the whirling years cannot hide, an influence whose choice magnetism will still pervade the society in which he moved, and the memory of those virtues which made his character so admirable, and ren-

dered his life so symmetrical and wholesome and worthy. Who could ask for more or better than this :

"An honored life, a peaceful death,
And heaven to crown it all!"

E. C. STANDART.

DETROIT—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

D. Bethune Duffield was born at Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1821. His father was the Reverend George Duffield, D. D., and Isabella Graham (Bethune) Duffield was his mother. The latter was a granddaughter of that Isabella Graham, whose memory is held in reverent remembrance by the church in Scotland and America, and a sister of George W. Bethune, D. D., the late distinguished orator and lecturer of New York. Dr. Duffield was a grandson of the Reverend George Duffield, who was for many years pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian church of Philadelphia and, in conjunction with Bishop White, was chaplain of the first congress of the United States. The name of this man is familiar to every student of American history as that of one devoted to the cause of liberty, earnest, outspoken, and fearlessly aggressive in the service of his Master and of his country. Those familiar with the history of the church recognize his learning, liberality of thought, and faithfulness in that field as no less worthy of honor.

Dr. Duffield's father, also named George, was long a merchant in Philadelphia, and for nine years acted as comptroller-general of Pennsylvania, under the gubernatorial administration of that distinguished statesman Thomas Mackean. He was a man of culture, attainment and character, admirable alike in public and in private life.

The third George Duffield, father of the subject of this sketch, early showed force of intellect and aptitude for study, and laid the foundation of his later broad and profound learning in his college course at the University of Pennsylvania, from which institution he was graduated with honor at the early age of sixteen years. In June, 1811, he took his baccalaureate degree, during the following autumn entered the theological seminary of the city of New York, where he remained for nearly four years, under the tutelage, among others, of the celebrated John M. Mason, D. D., and on the twentieth of April, 1815, was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Philadelphia. From that time until the day of his death, nearly fifty-three years later, he gave a constant, devoted and efficient service



Cordially Yours
D. Bethune Duffield



to the cause of religion and, as well, to every agency that aided in the enlightenment and uplifting of his fellows.

Dr. Duffield's first pastoral charge was over the Presbyterian church at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where his grandfather had ministered many years before. There he remained for nineteen years, resigning to accept a call to the Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, formerly under the charge of Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. After two years he was called to the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York City, but, after occupying its pulpit during the month of October, 1838, accepted the charge of the First Presbyterian church of Detroit, which he continued for thirty years of invaluable service, and only relinquished his work, when, on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1868, while speaking from one of the city pulpits, he was stricken down by a mortal attack which ended his life two days later.

The devotion of much space to a description of this remarkable man calls for no apology, not only because the ripeness of his life was given to the service of Detroit in matters secular and religious, but because a familiarity with his character and methods is of the greatest assistance to the ultimate object of this sketch.

Dr. Duffield was a man among ten thousand, even of the educated and accomplished. He was deeply and widely learned, but he was more—an original and profound thinker, never content to accept the most unquestioned authority until he had put it to a test in the crucible of his own mind, taking for granted nothing, and moving from the begin-

ning of an investigation outward and upward to an unswervable conviction, by logical steps, no one of which he ever retraced. When he had crossed a gulf of doubt and speculation, he burned his ships behind him, for their service was at an end.

He was an untiring investigator after truth, both scientific and moral; an earnest advocate of revealed truth; a determined and obstinate friend of liberty, civil and religious; a strong ally of all engaged in the cause of education and social reform, and a friend of the distressed in every grade of life. Strong, determined, an implacable enemy of wrong and corruption in all places, high and low, he used his pulpit to make good citizens as well as good Christians. With all this, he had the tenderness of a woman, and could no more close his heart to a living need, than he could close his mind to a living idea.

His vast acquirement can scarcely be said to have known a specialty, so broad and symmetrical was it. He was fitted to be a leader among the great men of theology, of science, of philology or of general literature, yet he was as far from pedantry as from the ostentation of superficial minds. He was regent of the university at a time when learned men were few in Michigan, exercising in that office an influence in favor of broad and liberal education, which is felt to this day.

The man who leaves a library leaves a psychograph. Dr. Duffield's noble collection of books remains intact. It is as different from the ordinary library of the modish collector as are the real

little men and women, the darling friends and companions of their parents, from the stiff and governess-bred "show children" paraded in the circle of a fashionable drawing room. Scarcely a field of human thought is untouched—many are exhaustively represented, and every volume shows signs of intimate communion with its owner.

Dr. Duffield's many-sided home life is so well described in the commemorative discourse prepared, delivered and published, in response to a request of many leading citizens of Detroit, by his son, the subject of this biography, that I cannot forbear quotation. He says:

Among his most prominent traits was his prodigious love of learning; not for that pertaining to his profession only, but for what was to be gleaned from all fields of knowledge. They who remember his face will recall this, as impressed upon his very countenance; showing an eager readiness either to receive or impart knowledge.

My earliest recollection of him is, when seated, generally in his study, but sometimes in the family sitting-room, with a child upon one knee and a heavy Latin or Greek folio on the other; and the dining-table, at meal hours, always disclosed a formidable volume, with open page, at his right hand.

In those days, say thirty or forty years ago, ministers did not have the cream of home and foreign commentators, condensed into English volumes at one dollar and twenty-five cents each, but their knowledge was got by hard work. And, as I remember some of these volumes, they were '*Calvini Opera Omnia*,' '*Venema on the Psalms*,' '*Michaelis on Moses*,' '*Vitringa in Isaiah*,' '*Lampe in Joannem*,' and scores of others, all in Latin. A colossal Hebrew and Greek concordance, tall and heavy as a babe of three years, lay ever at his hand with his Hebrew Bible—and all costing, what then seemed to be almost fabulous prices, some as high as fifty or sixty dollars a volume. How it was, with his limited salary, the expenses of a large and growing family, and the running of a small country place, with every conceivable thing in the way of plant, tree and live stock upon it, that he could accumulate

these rare and expensive books, was not the only puzzle of my youth, but still remains the unsolved conundrum of my maturer years.

His study was a marvel of miscellaneous accumulations—principally of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, newspapers and magazines, bound up and loose. But round about were hung or grouped barometers, thermometers, and rain gauges; garden tools, water pots, pruning knives, grafting wax; melon and flower seeds, a stand of plants with cactuses of all varieties, Turks' heads, night blooming ceres, century, sensitive and other *noli me tangere* sort of plants standing about, squirrel and bird cages, both empty and full; and a wide-spread litter of letters and sermons, with a layer of profane coal dust generally overlying the whole. Conspicuous, however, on the leaf of his arm-chair, and always open, was his study Bible, a small-typed volume, whose s's were ff's and ff's were s's, but which, with Canne's references, he continued to use to his last day. Upon its pages, scrawled on the back of some scrap or fragment of a wasted envelope, were almost always to be seen the notes or heads of his next sermon, logically thought out and carefully arranged—th "points of his arguments"—to be thereafter expanded and written out. There were no patent intellectual machines in those days like The Lay Preacher, the Homiletic Magazine, etc., to furnish the minister with text and heads and subdivisions, illustrations and application, as by a turn of the crank; but, as we have said, men had to do their own hard thinking. His favorite method was to discover and work out the *rationale* of his theme, and then enforce it both upon the mind and conscience of his hearers. Except Saurin's, he read few sermons; but gathered round his chair, in jostling heaps, were piled his favorite teachers; the vellum-backed Fathers, Augustine, Justin, and the later scholars, Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and others, long, long since dead, but still to him, apparently, a living and delightful presence. It was not their gems of thought, or flowers of rhetoric, he was seeking to cull; but their aid in helping him in his exegesis—for he was never satisfied until he had mastered, first, the literal meaning of the text, and then the text in the real spirit of the context. He, therefore, not only studied, but profoundly meditated over his theme; and when his conclusions were reached, they were his own, and not another's. And so, as his sermons continuously disclosed the freshness of his thought to his people, they could see,

from year to year, not only of the travail, but also of the strong growth of his soul, in its yearnings to bring men to the knowledge of what he heartily and honestly believed to be the truth.

"*Optima autem haereditas, a patribus traditur liberis, omnique patrimonio praestantior, gloria virtutis, rerumque gestarum.*" This utterance of Rome's greatest orator is prefixed to the memoir from which the foregoing quotation is made and fitly, for the influence of a noble father, supported by the formative force conveyed in the traditions of remoter ancestors, uniformly men of cultivated understanding and sensitive conscience, is a priceless inheritance, and one which comes to few with the unintercepted force with which it reached the sons of Dr. Duffield.

D. Bethune Duffield, of course, remained with his parents during their residence at Carlisle. He early entered the preparatory department of Dickinson college at that place, and was prepared to enter the freshman class of the collegiate department at twelve years of age. He seems to have inherited the natural capacity, which enabled his father to take his college degree at sixteen.

Fortunately, as it seems, the rules of Dickinson college forbade the admission of freshmen less than fourteen years of age, and Mr. Duffield was compelled to defer his matriculation, thus being reserved for education in another and better equipped institution. In 1835, with his parents, he removed to Philadelphia, studied in that city until 1836, and entered Yale college with the class of 1840, but was compelled by family

circumstances to forego completing the course.

During his college study he displayed that taste for languages, for polite literature and for English composition in prose and verse, the gratification of which has formed the relaxation and unfailing pleasure of his life. These tastes he came most honestly by, as many of his relatives and ancestors, on both sides of the house, were people of literary ability and repute. Unlike most college graduates in these days of intensely concentrated effort, he has maintained his command of the languages, both dead and living, and has extended his familiarity with the great literatures of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin tongues, with every year of his life, while the best work of the modern continental masters, especially German and French, is within his reach, untouched of the translator.

It was in 1838 that Dr. Duffield removed to Detroit, and his son naturally turned his thoughts thither in search of a future. He first went to that city in 1839 and was, for a time, a student in the office of the law firm of Bates & Talbott, who then held a leading position at the bar of the city. Returning to New Haven, he entered the law school of Yale college, from which he was graduated in the year 1843, before attaining his majority. Some years later he received the unsolicited honor of a bachelor's degree from Yale. Thence he went to New York and for nearly a year pursued a course at the Union Theological seminary. His health failing he returned to Detroit, where he

was admitted to the practice of the law in 1843 and where he has since resided.

In the spring of 1844 he formed a law partnership with George V. N. Lothrop, since so widely and justly distinguished, and at present minister plenipotentiary to Russia. This continued, with increasing profit, until 1856, when Mr. Lothrop's political tastes led him into such engagements as to compel its dissolution. Profitable as the association was, in making money and reputation for the young lawyers, it had a distinct value in forming a friendship which no diversity of interests width of separation, or difference of politics has ever interrupted. During the thirty years since the severance of their business relations, they have always occupied adjoining offices, using their undivided library, and have maintained an intimacy begun when both were tyros at the law.

Mr. Duffield's practice is large and profitable, and, better still, is of the best class. His practice at the bar is distinctly first-class, and he is admittedly in deserved association with the best men of his profession, many of whom are his seniors in years and service. He was in 1847 elected city attorney, and was many years ago a commissioner of the United States courts, which are the only offices he has ever held in the line of his profession. As a lawyer, he is prompt, punctual, clear and decisive; in his practice, as elsewhere, he is punctiliously courteous and of untainted and scrupulous honesty. After parting with Mr. Lothrop, he practiced—save for ten years when his brother, H. M. Duf-

field, was his partner—quite alone until the recent admission of his son, Bethune Duffield, whom he has quite recently had the pleasure of admitting to a share in his practice. He is still an habitual worker, with the promise of a long continued activity.

Mr. Duffield has been for many years Secretary of the Bar of Detroit, an office which has brought him into constant and close intercourse with the leading lawyers of the city, and has been an especially pleasant service. He succeeded the late William Gray, in the place.

Many years ago—in 1847—Mr Duffield was elected a member of the Detroit board of education, and his services in that body was almost continuous until 1861.

During several of these years he was president of the board, than which few similar bodies in other cities have numbered so many men, thoroughly representative of the best moral, intellectual and business standards of the community. He was associated, during his official connection with the board, with such men as James V. Campbell, Samuel Barstow, Levi Bishop, William D. Wilkins, C. I. Walker, S. T. Douglass, J. J. Bagely, William A. Moore, and others. He recast the whole course of study, in all the departments and grades of the schools, basing his action upon careful experiment continued through a period of two years. This plan remained unchanged for many years. He is also credited with having originated and established, not without much opposition, though well supported by two or three members of the board, the high school

of Detroit, which has since resisted all the many assaults made upon it.

During the period of Mr. Duffield's retirement from the board of education, it was proposed to name for him one of the school buildings of the city. This he preferred should not be done, but an absence abroad in 1855, gave opportunity and he was compelled to stand god-father to the Union building on Clinton street, which is still known as "The Duffield Union School." It was through his influence directly that the lot on which the Case school stands, was secured from its distinguished donor.

As president of the board of education, Mr. Duffield took a leading part in the successful effort to compel the city of Detroit to account for the moneys received for fines and penalties in minor cases, which the state constitution provided should be applied to library purposes, but which had for years been wrongfully converted to other uses. As a result, the city was compelled, in 1860, after a stubborn contest, to pay over to the library commission the sum of seven thousand dollars, and the proper application of such moneys was insured for the future, affording a constant and growing income, which has made the present excellent library a possibility. The action was carried to the supreme court in the name of Mr. Duffield, as president of the board, as relator, and is reported in the eighth of Michigan, report 392.

Mr. Duffield has been constant and active in his interest in all matters affecting the mental, moral and religi-

ous interests of the community. He is a member and officially connected with the First Presbyterian church, of which his father was so long pastor, and has devoted much attention to the matter of Sabbath schools and missions. He originated, and caused to be incorporated, the People's Tabernacle of Detroit, a non-sectarian institution, absolutely free, and sustained by the contributions of those interested in the work. He was president of the Young Men's Christian association in 1854, and was chosen the first president of the "Red Ribbon Society," which, about 1877, gained a membership of eight thousand persons, as a result of the temperance work of Dr. Reynolds and Francis Murphy. He was also secretary of the Harper hospital, at the time of the organization of that corporation, and, indeed, perfected its incorporation. He was a prominent and active member, and once president of the Young Men's society.

Family traditions, as well as his own principles and opinions, made Mr. Duffield first a Whig, and, when the Republican party was organized, in 1856, insured his adherence to it from the first. He has persistently declined to become a candidate for office, having held no official positions save the purely local ones already mentioned. In every presidential campaign, however, he has worked freely and efficiently for the success of his party upon the stump and rostrum.

During the war he was a devoted supporter of the administration, as the representative of the right and of constitu-

tional authority. The son of such a father, with the recollection of the services rendered to the cause of freedom by remoter ancestors, could not have been otherwise than instant earnest in the aid of so worthy an effort. As a speaker and writer, in prose and of stirring patriotic verse so warmly received in those days, he constantly sought to hold up the hands of the Federal cause, to encourage enlistment, and to enspirit the soldiers to their utmost efforts.

He had always held the institution of slavery to be a foul blot upon our civilization and an awful crime against God and man, but as a lawyer he saw in the constitutional defense which hedged it about, an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of its removal. He was in the position of thousands of the bravest and wisest enemies of slavery, in that he held the constitution to be a sacred limit of legislative action, and thus two good motives strove against each other. He held the office of United States commissioner during the operation of the fugitive slave law, and at a time when many men whose stand now seems all but incredible, held an "abolitionist" to be "worse than a nigger." Some of these on one occasion, concluded to compel him to make a record upon the abominable fugitive question, and decided to bring a captured negro before him for preliminary examination. This came to his knowledge and he at once determined that he would not be ground between the millstones of moral principle and official duty. Should the negro be brought before him and a *prima facie* case established, he could

not disregard his oath and discharge the prisoner; on the other hand, he was bound to hold himself free from the blood-guiltiness of sending a human being back into bondage. With this in mind he hastened into court and resigned his office, just in time to defeat the plan so cleverly laid for his confusion.

Mr. Duffield's opinions upon war matters and post bellum policy were practical, and, though advanced, had nothing fanatical about them. Occupying the rostrum as one of the orators at a Fourth of July meeting, during the reconstruction period, his colleague J. M. Howard, United States senator, asked him what he thought of giving the ballot to the negro. He answered, "I do not favor it, at least now. It seems to me that American citizenship, after this bloody war, has cost too much to be given to men who cannot read or write, much less comprehend their duties and privileges under the constitution." Mr. Howard replied: "It must be done, Bethune; we cannot, as a party, otherwise hold the reconstructed states."

"If you are contented to treat this question as a matter of politics, instead of statescraft, you must take the responsibility," said Mr. Duffield. "You are a United States senator; say what you wish and in my remarks I will confine myself to other topics. I cannot agree with you."

It would be much amiss, were this biography to close without some words regarding Mr. Duffield's literary employment. Naturally gifted with a fine literary discrimination, his formal edu-



James M. Mulan

cation and his home influences tended to its development and almost forced him to the exercise of the ability which came to him so honestly, by right of inheritance. Even in his childhood he lived among books, and the best of books, in an environment of thought and criticism. One without a natural bent for letters could scarcely escape the contagion of such an atmosphere, and his predisposition was decisive of the result.

From his youth, literary work has been his relaxation and entertainment. He has written much in prose and verse, but has published little, and would gladly have published less. When his work has seen the light, it has been either such as he belived timely and calculated for some distinctly useful end, or such as repeated demands made for his aid upon occasions of public ceremonial forbade the privacy of his portfolio. Of the latter class may be mentioned as typical, his historical poem "The Battle of Lake Erie," delivered upon the occasion of the laying the foundation of the Perry monument at Put-in-Bay, and his "National Centennial Poem," delivered at the celebration in Detroit of the Fourth of July, 1876. Both of these are poetically of permanent value, and the former evoked by its truth to history many letters of compliment and thanks from survivors of the battle which it describes. In quite a different vein is his "*De Arte Medendi*," prepared for the fourteenth annual commencement of the Detroit Medical college. In its way—a way suggesting the *nonchalant* after dinner verse of Dr. Holmes—it is ad-

mirable, combining rarely wit, humor, feeling and reverence. His various poems delivered before the bar of Detroit are of similar character and are pleasantly remembered by his professional brethren.

While yet a youth, Mr. Duffield contributed to *The Knickerbocker*, a magazine published by Willis Gaylord Clark, and has since written occasionally for other periodicals. Many of his fugitive verses have been transferred from the newspaper press to various collections of poetry, some bearing no signature, others with only his initials and a few under his name, but, if I mistake not, the only publication of the kind made with his knowledge, was that of several examples of his verse in Coggeshall's 'Poets and Poetry of the West,' issued in 1860.

Mr. Duffield married Mary Strong Buell, daughter of Eben N. Buell of Rochester, New York, in the year 1854.

JAMES MCMILLAN.

James McMillan of Detroit is a man whose various lines of effort have touched almost every material and social interest of that city, as well as many reaching far beyond its boundaries. He is one of a class of men of which the present generation has furnished a few and former generations almost none, because they embody the genius of the nineteenth century—who seem to have begun life where their parents left it, to have taken to themselves the direct benefit of the experiments and the failures of former generations and, hence, at middle life, attain a degree of

largely to his sagacity and Napoleonic administrative genius for their success.

Some five years ago Mr. McMillan, in association with other capitalists of Detroit and New York, built the Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette railroad, extending one hundred and fifty miles, through the upper peninsula of Michigan, and opening extensive lumber and mineral fields. Of this road he is, and from its inception has been, the president.

Some years since Mr. McMillan became interested in the shipping interests of the lakes, and is now one of the largest owners of the Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation company, of the Detroit Transportation company and of other freight and passenger steamboat lines. The former owns and operates the finest iron and steel passenger steamers on the lakes, and the latter steam barges of the highest class and largest capacity.

Mr. McMillan is upon the directory of two of Detroit's largest and most substantial banking institutions — the First National bank and the Detroit Savings bank. He is also interested in other banks and connected with the management of the Detroit City Railway company, D. M. Ferry & Company, the Detroit Railroad elevator, Union Depot company and many other large business enterprises.

For many years Mr. McMillan has been a large investor in real estate, especially in centrally located business property in the city of Detroit, and wherever his money is so placed it has proven of general benefit, as he has

erected some of the finest business blocks in the city, adding greatly to the beauty and metropolitan dignity of the streets.

A Republican in politics, and very actively interested in the success of his party, he has long given freely of his time and means to that end, and is recognized not only as a valuable and consistent party man, but as one of no slight authority upon general political matters. Though often urged to accept of official candidacy, at the hands of his party friends, when nomination was tantamount to election, he has thus far refused, contenting himself with giving efficient aid in placing others in office. Perhaps he regards office as too expensive an indulgence for one whose private interests are so many and so enormous. Certain it is that his genius for organization and administration well fit him for the gravest public responsibilities.

In 1860 Mr. McMillan married Miss Mary L. Wetmore of Detroit, and has six living children, of whom four are sons. Two of them (a son and daughter) are married and settled in Detroit. The oldest son was graduated from Yale college, and is now engaged with others in the management of the various establishments of which his father is president.

So much for a bare and inadequate outline of the career of James McMillan. It leaves untold many, very many, of the directions in which his aggressive enterprise has found outlet; it gives only a mere mention of a few salient facts in a life crowded with

events and crowned with rare success. It leaves quite untouched the personality of its subject and his methods of thought and work, his inner relations and his social life. Much of this cannot be adequately described, much cannot even be known by those most constantly about him, but something may well be said that may give a degree of personal acquaintance with a man who has, for almost thirty years, woven his life and his ever growing interests into the fabric of his city and his state.

It is needless to say he is a tireless worker. Such results as have crowned his life come to no dreamer of dreams and to no mere luxurious business *dilettante*. Originally gifted with the strong sense and clear foresight of his Scotch race, with the benefit in youth of the careful oversight of an excellent father, his business training began at the right end and was a logical growth, from the selling of a keg of nails to the building of a railway. Each step prepared the learner for the next and left the way open behind him.

His mind is especially remarkable in this—that it is so adjusted as to be at once concentrated and broad in view. With a capacity for detail constantly and minutely exercised, he unites the power to keep in his mind the whole field of his immense interests—never losing sight of the relation of facts, the influence of collateral conditions and the necessary forecast of business events. In this his mental operations remind one of the perfect mechanism of a great steam hammer, which may be so governed as to descend at one mo-

ment with a force of hundreds of tons upon a plate of steel, and the next to crack without crushing a fragile egg.

He has in a distinguished degree the capacity for self-multiplication, that is, for so training and using men in various departments as to make their eyes and hands his own. Thus, by a word or hint to one who is thoroughly familiar with his wishes and methods, he is enabled to accomplish work that would require an inordinate amount of his own time, were his lieutenants less competent or less *en rapport* with their chief.

There is a constant and striking parallelism between the qualities required in business and those in military life. There are the Custars of business, the men of speculation, always ready for a headlong charge, with ruin as the price of failure; there are the McClellans, always organizing, never advancing, fighting defensively for a lifetime and barely escaping defeat; there are some—the Napoleons, Marlboroughs, Moltkes and Grants, who combine bravery with caution and foresight with activity, to whom the oversight and direction of many armies in widely separated fields is a task lightly carried and enjoyed for its very complexity—who concert movements involving months in their execution and the exact obedience of hundreds of subordinate commanders, and yet foresee all difficulties and so provide for all emergencies, that they may look confidently for their Blenheim, their Appomattox or their Sedan. To this class Mr. McMillan belongs by virtue of constant

and distinguished success, won in fair fields and by sheer force of business genius.

He scarcely had a boyhood. At fourteen he was at work, and before he was twenty years of age, carried upon his shoulders responsibility fit to test the power of a mature man. This training has made a mere business automaton of many a youth, and has stranded him at fifty as a fossil. It did not so affect Mr. McMillan. His appearance belies his years; the vigor and ripeness of his prime are the best testimony to his timber. He has always lavished his energy upon the work of his life, but he has kept his heart in his body and the natural kindness of his disposition remains unimpaired.

From his offices in Detroit he calmly and easily directs his vast affairs, showing none of the petty irascibility and impatience often exhibited by smaller men, whose time is of infinitely less value. Every comer is certain of a respectful hearing and, if need be, will receive a respectful refusal of his request.

For his friends and intimates, Mr. McMillan has a frank, warm and loyal attachment, as warmly and loyally reciprocated. Cautious, cool headed and decided, he is not an inviting mark for the wiles of the schemer or impostor, but from genuine and worthy poverty he never turns away. His charities are very extensive—more extensive than even his close associates know, for they are equally unostentatious. He is discriminating, too, in every possible case

aiding the needy to self help, the savior of self-respect. Many young men now in active and successful life, have cause to gratefully remember the timely assistance and the kindly interest which made possible their independence. To public charities and to every effort looking to the education and enlightenment of his fellows, Mr. McMillan contributes with an open hand.

In the prosperity of the city of Detroit he has been an invaluable factor. His talents were never hoarded in a napkin or put out at usury, but flowed in unceasing streams through the pockets of his fellows, leaving golden grains behind. When any new enterprise is proposed, which promises benefit to his city and state, he is always on hand ready to help with his means and influence.

The reward of such a life reaped at middle age is a princely fortune, but it is something far more and higher—the deserved respect and esteem of every man with whom his years of active life have placed him in contact.

To the land of his birth he is an honor and to that of his adoption a benefactor.

RUSSELL A. ALGER.

Russell A. Alger was born in the township of Lafayette, Medina county, Ohio, February 27, 1836. His father was Russell Alger, descendant of an Alger who came from England to Massachusetts about 1760, and more remotely, through distinguished English channels, from William the Conqueror. John Alger, great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, served in the Revolu-

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R. A. Seger



tionary War and took part in many of its battles. Russell A. Alger's mother was Caroline Moulton, a descendant of Robert Moulton, who came to Massachusetts in 1627, having been selected to take charge of the transportation to America, of a vessel laden with most valuable ship-building material and bearing a number of skilled ship carpenters. It is probable that the first seagoing vessel built in Massachusetts was constructed by him. The family in England and America is large, and marked by common characteristics which the separation of generations in time, thousands of miles in distance and the utmost difference of environment and interest, have not served to destroy. The number of persons having the Moulton name, or showing the Moulton blood, who have attained distinction, is very great. It will thus be seen that Russell A. Alger had to the full the benefit of every good influence which may come by hereditary transmission.

Soon after 1800, his Alger grandmother came to Ohio, and the family were thus present in the earliest days of that now great commonwealth.

When young Alger was but eleven years of age his parents died, leaving him dependent upon himself for a livelihood and for the support of a younger brother and sister. The cases are so many—especially in the western United States—where men who have won distinguished success in various fields have had this very impulse of stern necessity at the outset, that one is tempted to believe that the silver spoon is not, after all, so great an advantage to the young

American who looks his first upon the world. In Alger's case the burthen of life was assumed with a cheerful promptness and a brave spirit which deserved the success he gained. He at once began a search for employment and, failing better, engaged to serve upon a farm in Richfield, Ohio, where he remained for seven years, working by the month during the greater part of every year, saving his money and applying it to the aid of his brother and sister and to his own tuition, during the winter terms, at the Richfield academy—working for his board. He thus obtained a very good English education, taking advantage of which, like so many country-bred American boys, he very early obtained a position as teacher, and by this resort added to his slender income during several winters, working at the plow and in the harvest field in the other months of the year.

In March, 1857, he entered the law office of Wolcott & Upsord, at Akron, and began the study of the law, remaining with them until March, 1859, when he was admitted to the bar by the supreme court. He soon after removed to Cleveland and entered the law office of Otis & Coffinberry, where he spent only a few months, leaving it in the fall of 1859 on account of ill health, caused by hard study and close confinement to indoor work, to which he was unaccustomed. This retirement from the office of Otis & Coffinberry was also a final farewell to the law. His removal to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he engaged in the lumber business, followed almost at once.

The frequent appearance of "the Ohio man" in national politics—the subject of so much facetious comment, not always quite free from bitterness—is in part accounted for by the large number of the citizens of that state who have fought their way to success in very much the way Mr. Alger was compelled to do. The fact that so few of the boys of forty years ago were spared the necessity of hard and constant labor, the universality of education—the thoroughly democratic spirit of the time—made a race of men whose muscles were hardened by toil, whose moral natures were fixed by self-denial, and whose self respect and ambition were stimulated by every social influence. Giddings, Ben. Wade, Garfield, Hayes, and almost the whole list of Ohio's successively chosen sons, have risen to success through toil and hardship which

"Have proved their helps, not hindrances."

In August, 1861, Mr. Alger enlisted in the Second Michigan cavalry, and when that regiment was mustered into the service during the autumn of the same year, he was commissioned captain and assigned to the command of company C. The formal record of his army service is: Captain Second cavalry, September 2, 1861. Major, April 2, 1862. Wounded and taken prisoner at Boonsville, Mississippi, July 1, 1862. Escaped July 1, 1862. Lieutenant Colonel Sixth Michigan cavalry, October 16, 1862. Colonel Fifth cavalry February 1, 1863. Wounded in action at Booneboro, Maryland, July 8, 1863. Resigned September 20, 1864, and honorably discharged. Brevet Brigadier-

General United States volunteers, "for gallant and meritorious services, to rank from the battle of Trevillion Station, Virginia, June 11, 1864. Brevet Major-General United States volunteers, June 11, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war.

To pass with this dry statement of promotions and brevets, the military career of Mr. Alger would be a suppression of history. No troops in all the armies of the Republic won greater or more deserved distinction than did those of Michigan, and in no arm of the service were dash, bravery, endurance and discipline more marked than in the cavalry of the state, the gallant eleven regiments which went out raw volunteers and carried their colors like veterans from their warlike baptism to the return of their scarred and attenuated ranks after the peace. It was when associated with Michigan troops that Custer first attracted notice, that when commanding the Michigan cavalry brigade he made his first great reputation, and that at Booneville, at the head of the Michigan Second, Sheridan won his first star.

It was Alger's fortune to serve in or command regiments better armed than most, and his service was constant, fatiguing and perilous—much of his fighting being done with troops dismounted and serving as infantry, only to remount, and, resuming their normal work, pursue an enemy they had defeated on foot.

His earlier service was in the west and south, but from the invasion of Maryland by Lee, in 1863, until the day of his retirement, he was with

the army of the Potomac, sharing their constant service except when disabled by wounds. On June 28, 1863, Colonel Alger, commanding the Fifth Michigan cavalry, entered the village of Gettysburg, his being the first Federal force to reach that place and to receive definite information as to the movements of the enemy. As his men passed through the streets, they were fairly showered with blossoms by the enthusiastic inhabitants. The scene, so suggestive of the gayety of a Roman carnival, stands out in striking contrast to the awful drama of the great battle, then so little expected, but soon to be fought at the very doors of Gettysburg.

At the battle of Booneville, Mississippi, July 1, 1862, Alger, then a captain of the Second Michigan cavalry, took a very honorable part. The engagement, one of the most important minor affairs of the war, fought at tremendous odds, with the result of an overwhelming victory for the Federal force, arose from an attack made by General Chalmers, of the Confederate service, with seven thousand mounted men, eleven regiments and portions of regiments, upon the position at Booneville, held by Colonel Sheridan, commanding the Second brigade of the cavalry division, army of the Mississippi. Sheridan had with him but two small regiments, the Second Iowa cavalry and the Second Michigan cavalry. The Second Michigan was armed with Colt's revolvers and revolving carbines, effective at long range, and so well did they fight on foot, that Chal-

mers was persuaded that he had been deceived in his information that the Federal force was unsupported by infantry. Sheridan retired to a strong position upon the edge of a swamp and repulsed repeated attacks, the Michigan men giving the Confederates six shots from each rifle as they advanced and six from each revolver at close quarters. This sent them to the right about every time. Finally, seeing that he was out-flanked and in danger of being surrounded and captured, Sheridan sent ninety picked men, commanded by Captain Alger, with orders to make a circuit, come upon the enemy's rear, and charge him with sabres and cheers. The sound of the cheers was to be the signal for Sheridan to simultaneously charge in his front. A supply train arriving, Sheridan ordered the locomotive whistle to be loudly blown to deceive Chalmers into the belief that reinforcements had arrived. The brave ninety charged the seven thousand in the rear, Sheridan dashed upon their front, and the Confederates broke and ran, casting impedimenta aside as they fled. One hundred and twenty-five of the enemy's killed were buried upon the field, and he carried away a large number of wounded, while the Second Michigan, which had the brunt of the fight, lost but forty-one, killed and wounded. Among the latter was Captain Alger.

In General Custers official report of the part taken by the cavalry at Gettysburg, the name of Colonel Alger, then commanding the Michigan Fifth, repeatedly appears and a very handsome acknowledgment is made of his distin-

guished part in the fight. His regiment was armed with Spencer repeating rifles, and served in turn on foot and in the saddle, fighting almost constantly and losing heavily, but inflicting great damage in return. The Confederate General Stuart fell to the rifle of a private of the Fifth.

During the pursuit of the enemy which followed the battle of Gettysburg, Colonel Alger had the advance with the Fifth Michigan, when, near Williamsburg, Maryland, he dismounted his men, crossed a bridge guarded by more than fifteen hundred infantry, remounted and attacked and captured the enemy's train, which was very large, together with about fifteen hundred prisoners. This occurred on the fourth day of July, 1863, and was perhaps the most distinguished and trying service of that brave regiment.

On the eighth of July, between Hagarstown and Boonesborough, during a hot fight, in which the Fifth took active part, Colonel Alger was severely wounded and was thereafter invalided until September. During the winter 1863, and 1864, Colonel Alger served with distinction through the wilderness to Petersburg, taking part in all the engagements of the army of the Potomac. He with his brigade accompanied General Sheridan to the Shenandoah valley in 1864 and served with him there.

Colonel Alger's famous charge with his regiment, the Fifth cavalry, at Trevillian Station, Virginia, June 11, 1864, when with only three hundred men he captured a large force of the enemy, will always be recorded as one of the

most brilliant and daring deeds of the war.

General Sheridan's report, now on file in the war department, concerning this engagement, reads as follows:

The cavalry engagement of the eleventh and twelfth was by far the most brilliant one of the present campaign. The enemy's loss was very heavy. My loss in captured will not exceed one hundred and sixty. They are principally from the Fifth Michigan cavalry. This regiment, Colonel Russel A. Alger commanding, gallantly charged down the Gordonsville road capturing fifteen hundred horses and about eight hundred prisoners, but were finally surrounded and had to give them up.

During the winter of 1863 and 1864, Colonel Alger was assigned to special service, reporting directly to President Lincoln, and while so engaged he visited nearly every army in the field. He took part in sixty-six battles and skirmishes all told, and earned by faithfulness and bravery the rank which he attained.

In 1865 Mr. Alger went to Detroit and engaged in the long pine timber business and in dealing in pine lands. He was first a member of the well-known firm of Moore & Alger. Upon its dissolution he formed the firm of R. A. Alger & Co., and again dissolved this firm and organized the corporation of Alger, Smith & Co., of which he is president. In these various associations he has built up a business larger than that of any other pine timber operator in the world. He is president of the Manistique Lumbering company and of the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena Railroad company, besides being a director of the Detroit National bank, the Peninsular Car company, and several other large corporations.

In these various enterprises Mr. Alger has built up a large and growing fortune,

by exceedingly hard work, good judgment of men and markets, financial generalship and a rare administrative ability. He has paid and continues to pay an immense roll of laborers, mechanics and other employés, thus contributing essentially to the prosperity of the state.

It goes almost without saying that the accomplishment of such results in twenty-one years has involved an almost complete engrossment in business. Though possessed of a strong taste for politics, this fact has kept him almost entirely out of official life, until his election to the governorship, which occurred in the year 1884. He has been a Republican ever since he reached his majority, constantly active in behalf of his party, using his purse and his time with equal freedom in its service and attaining a leading position in its councils, but asking no better reward than to see it succeed.

He was nominated for governor at the convention held at Detroit in 1884, his opponents at the polls being Josiah W. Begole, Fusion, and David Preston, Prohibitionist, and was elected by a plurality of 3,953 votes—Preston, Prohibitionist, receiving 22,207 votes. His administration of his office has been in the same lines adopted in his business, and he has succeeded in public affairs to a degree almost as marked as in his private life. He is a keen, sagacious, penetrating governor, looking closely after the business interests of the state, but entirely free from narrowness or parsimony. He has liberally upheld the interests of education, and devoted especial attention to the improvement

of public institutions of charity and correction. Though a heavy investor in manufacturing, and interested upon the side of what is popularly called the "cause of capital," he is wise enough to see that capital and labor must continue partners in business and that they are essentially interdependent. As a business man and an official he deprecates extremes in the action of either, and lends the weight of his influence to the compromising of differences, and the maintenance of the good feeling and *rapprochement* so important to the interests of both.

Governor Alger's state papers are models of clearness, simplicity and force. He is a business man, with the training of a lawyer and the experience of a soldier, and as such could scarcely be otherwise than direct, intelligible and brief in his utterances.

The first term of Mr. Alger is not completed, and any attempt at an elaborate analysis of his administration would be hasty and in bad taste, but that it has fully satisfied his friends, won the respect of his opponents, and does credit to his many-sided ability, will not be disputed.

In person Governor Alger is an active, handsome man of six feet tall, whose appearance belies his fifty years. His soldier training shows itself in every movement and in every tone of his voice. The habit of obedience may be lost, but that of a command never. Though of slight build he impresses the casual observer as being a large man as well as a tall one. He is quick and incisive of speech, but never brusque;

thoroughly approachable, respectful and considerate toward those whom he meets, and utterly lacking either in the arrogance of small greatness or in the still more objectionable truckling and assumed *bon hommie* of the small politician. He is thoroughly dignified, and his manners, like his garments, are so unassumingly good that one scarcely notices them.

No matter how busy he may be, it is his habit to leave his desk and politely greet every caller. He listens with attention to all, though so many come with senseless questions and impertinent requests.

Governor Alger is a hard worker. He is at his desk early in the morning, and does not spare himself late hours when business requires the sacrifice. His official and personal affairs compel him to travel much, and his return always finds an accumulation of business which taxes to the utmost his rare rapidity and facility of labor. He is always decided, never shaken and rarely mistaken. It would require no slight temerity to look into his penetrating eye and endeavor to deceive him. He easily wins and holds the confidence of all with whom he associates, and he earns their regard as well as their respect, by the little amenities and kindnesses, so easy to show in business, and

which, in the aggregate, so greatly increase the pleasure of life.

Although so engrossed by many duties, Mr. Alger has cultivated his mind, and widely informed himself, by hard and habitual closet study. He has an admirable library, bought for use and constantly referred to. He would take rank in any society as a man far above the average of the systematically educated, in the breadth of his field of knowledge and the exactness of his information. His beautiful home is rich in pictures and articles of *vertu*, and its interior decorations and furnishings are such that one readily discerns that its master has a deep love of the beautiful and an unusual taste in selection—that he is an amateur and a connoisseur.

On the second day of April, 1861, Mr. Alger married Annette H. Henry, the daughter of W. G. Henry of Grand Rapids, a lady of rare character and mind, whose graces and social accomplishments are the best adornment of his home and make it the center of a charmed and charming circle. Mr. and Mrs. Alger have six children, two of whom are young ladies in society, a daughter aged fifteen, and the remaining three boys, the eldest thirteen and the youngest four years of age.

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